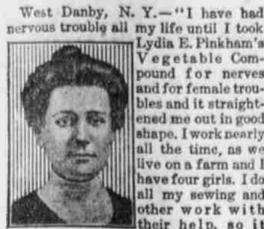


WOMAN HAD NERVOUS TROUBLE

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her.



West Danby, N. Y.—"I have had nervous trouble all my life until I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for nerves and for female troubles and it straightened me out in good shape. I work nearly all the time, as we live on a farm and I have four girls. I do all my sewing and other work with their help, so it shows that I stand it real well. I took the Compound when my ten year old daughter came and it helped me a lot. I have also had my oldest girl take it and it did her lots of good. I keep it in the house all the time and recommend it."—Mrs. DEWITT SINCERAUGH, West Danby, N. Y.

Don't Neglect a Cold—It's Serious

CASCARA QUININE advertisement with logo and text: "The old standard remedy—in tablet form—No unpleasant after effects—No quinine—Cures colds in 24 hours—La Grippe in 3 days—Money back if it fails—Sold on genuine—Box with red top—Mr. Hill's picture on it—25c—Any Drug Store. W. H. Hill Company—Detroit."

A Sorry Lawyer. Some time ago a man was haled into court on a larceny charge, and, not having counsel at the trial, the judge assigned a young lawyer who happened to be in the courtroom to represent him. "Judge," the prisoner said when the jury had returned a verdict of guilty, "can I say something?" "You may," the judge answered, "if you express yourself briefly."

CLEANSE THE PORES

Of Your Skin and Make it Fresh and Clear by Using Cuticura. Trial Free. When suffering from pimples, blackheads, redness or roughness, smear the skin with Cuticura Ointment. Then wash off with Cuticura Soap and hot water. These super-creamy emollients do much for the skin because they prevent pore clogging.

Achy Joints Give Warning

A creaky joint often predicts rain. It may also mean that the kidneys are not filtering the poisonous uric acid from the blood. Bad backs, rheumatic pains, sore, aching joints, headaches, dizziness and urinary disorders are all effects of weak kidneys and if nothing is done, there's danger of more serious trouble. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, the best recommended kidney remedy.

A Nebraska Case

B. Vanderpool, Nebraska, says: "My back ached so badly I could get little rest at night. Sleeping rest sharp, it is a relief through my back. I also had sciatic rheumatism, the pain going from my hips down into my limbs and feet. I was nervous and irritable and my health was all run down. Finally I used Doan's Kidney Pills and they brought the best of results. This medicine can't be equaled."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. POSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

FITTS OR SICKNESS

Mason City, Iowa, Jan. 13, 1916. I am sending you a picture of Eddie Hanson our son who is taking your treatment for epilepsy. We doctored from all parts of the country, but they could do nothing. He used to have fits to severe spells. I heard of the Fitts Remedy and sent for treatment. He has only been sick a few months, and we are so glad to know that the Fitts Remedy is so good. Co. are able to handle such cases. There are many people who come to our house for your address and we are glad to give it to them. Yours very truly, (Signed) A. HANSON, 211 Ridge Street.

THE HEART OF A NIGHT WIND

A STORY OF THE GREAT NORTH WEST By VINGIE E. ROE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

SYNOPSIS. Silets of Dally's lumber camp directs a stranger to the camp. Walter Sandry introduces himself to John Dally, foreman, as the Dillingworth Lumber Co., or most of it. He makes acquaintance with the camp and the work. In an emergency he proves to the foreman that he does not lack judgment. Silets tells him of the "Night Wind in the Pine," and Silets and wonders what her surname is. He tells her that her name is Dally, and she tells him that her name is Dally. Silets tells her that her name is Dally, and she tells him that her name is Dally.

CHAPTER XIX—Continued. "But they say you're going to marry that da-beg yer pardon—that Johnny Eastern. That so? For God's sake, girl, don't say it!" Hampden's red face was pale, and she enjoyed seeing this coarse, bull-like man shaken to his foundations. "And what if it is?" "I'll kill him! So help me heaven, I'll get him next—I tell you I can't stand for that!" "Get him next time," she was saying swiftly to herself, "oh, Hampden, I fancy there'll be a lot of getting—whether or not Walter Sandry wants me to quit—now, after all I've gone through with you to get my line staked out!"

CHAPTER XX. A Cruel Weapon.

In the soberly correct offices of Farnsworth & Heathcote, one of New York's most solid and reputable law firms, two persons sat talking. The honest roses in the cheeks of Miss Poppy Ordway bloomed gloriously. Her hair wimpled silkily when she moved her splendid shoulders a bit more comfortably against the mahogany chair-back. "And now, Mr. Farnsworth," she was saying, "can you give me the full particulars of that mysterious robbery?"

The eminent lawyer's quiet eyes were taking pleasurable note of the woman's beauty, the concise handling of the discussion in hand. "As one of the attorneys for the estate of James B. Whitby, I think I am qualified to do so," he stated gravely. "Then," said Poppy Ordway, opening a little red morocco notebook at a page far to the back, "let us proceed."

Mr. Farnsworth spread out before him a set of papers. "First—Standard Copper and Zinc company, consolidated," he read without preface, "and of the most conservative and entirely solvent concerns in the country. Under the control and in the hands of Whitby, Halstead, Witherspoon & Haste. "Suspected of crooked methods. Twice involved in suits at law, charged with rate and rebate swindles."

"Second—On the night of June 18, 1899, President Whitby had in his possession, for what reason has never been made known, at his bachelor apartments at Whitby place, Aredale \$502,000 in banknotes of high denominations. He had sent away his man for the night and was entirely alone. "Third—He was found at nine o'clock the next morning, in his library, sitting before a table, several hours dead. Under his hand lay an unfinished letter. This letter follows, verbatim:

Arcaide Place, New York City, New York, June 18, 1899. I, James B. Whitby, president of the Standard Copper and Zinc company, Consolidated, sit down to write what I believe will be my last word on earth. The telephone wires have been cut, my man is away for the night, and I am entirely alone in the grip of one of my recurrent attacks of heart trouble, but my heart is abnormally clear. I brought out last evening from business \$502,000, for reasons known to myself—all of it in bills of high denomination. At one o'clock this night I looked up to face a pistol held by a man, a young man who was unmasked. "You may as well be patient," he said quietly, "for I intend having a talk with you."

"There," finished the attorney, "the letter ended." man—a young man just home from a year in Europe, after college, whose father he had found bankrupt by unwise speculation of a partner and the said James B. Whitby. And Walter Sandry in the Oregon hills mutters of 'ruined! Ruined! And he does not know! Legitimate! It is done legitimately! and I am the law this night, James B. Whitby! Ah me! Walter—Walter—heart of my heart, fire of my blood—you're the man with the pistol!"

"There," finished the attorney, "the letter ended." man—a young man just home from a year in Europe, after college, whose father he had found bankrupt by unwise speculation of a partner and the said James B. Whitby. And Walter Sandry in the Oregon hills mutters of 'ruined! Ruined! And he does not know! Legitimate! It is done legitimately! and I am the law this night, James B. Whitby! Ah me! Walter—Walter—heart of my heart, fire of my blood—you're the man with the pistol!"

HARD TO DEFINE VULGARITY

As to what good taste is, who can inform us? To say that it is the taste of the best people does not get us much farther, for we have then to discover who are the best people. And is it the best people who have over lived that we must follow, or the best people who are living now? The best people nowadays would consider it vulgar to get drunk at table; but the best people of bygone times were of a different opinion.

E Pluribus Unum.

The Latin phrase "E Pluribus Unum," means "From Many, One." It is the motto of the United States, as being one nation, though composed of many states. The expression is found originally in a Latin poem entitled "Moretum," supposed to have been written by the poet Virgil.

Business Based on Credit. The checks which pass through the clearing house in London and New York in one month in normal times exceed the value of all the existing gold and silver coin in the world.

CHAPTER XXI. The Right Law.

Once again Poppy Ordway was back at Dally's. Seemingly nothing had happened in her absence. Sandry was a little stronger, a bit more impatient to be at the work, able to go about the camp and the tilted meadow. He was pale still, and to her passionate eyes more to be desired than ever. She noticed quickly how wistfully tender was the face of Silets, and how the girl stayed apart from Sandry in a certain diffidence. This was balm to her fears and her anxiety.

She went back to her work with renewed vigor. She was happier here in this wild country than she had ever been in her life, filled with the excitement of fame that Jured and Love that beckoned, and, so she believed, able to capture both. Then one day an incident took place that caused her to see that she must let him feel the steel beneath the velvet.

As usual, she sat in the golden afternoon on the east porch, her work for the day being over, and Sandry lounged on the lowest step, his elbow on the floor and his hat pulled low over his eyes, gazing down the valley. Presently there came a sound, a rhythmic sound, at first far coming, then coming nearer, the rolling thunder of a big horse in full flight, and up from the lower railway came Black Bolt, gleaming, dark, splendid. As if she were a part of him, Silets rode, away with her loose motion that always suggested the very drunkenness of speed. In her arm she held a great bunch of wild bleeding-hearts, their brilliant crimson splashing gorgeously along her olive throat, where the blue shirt lay open a bit.

With a slight pressure of knee and heel the girl sent the great black horse directly at the steps of the porch. As he came on Miss Ordway sprang up with a little scream, overturning her chair. But Sandry sat unflinching on the lowest step, smiling. Within three feet of him Black Bolt lowered his head, set his feet and came to a splendid stop.

Silets leaned forward and dropped her burden in Sandry's lap, showering him with the blood of the bleeding-hearts. She did not look at him. Then they trotted away around the corner to the shed and Sandry's lips tightened pitifully as he gathered up each smallest spray of the woods-treasures. When the stood back against the wall, one hand at her pulsing throat, Miss Ordway saw that tightening of the lips, the droop that came into the man's whole face, and her eyes narrowed and hardened like a cat's.

That night she came to him in the eating room. "Walter," she said, "I'm 'stuck' in the middle of a chapter. Will you go over a few pages with me and give me the benefit of a man's ideas?" He smiled. "I'm afraid mine will not be of much account, but such as they are you are welcome to them."

"They will answer," said Miss Ordway, "a woman cannot write from herself for men—she must write from man to man. I'll bring my manuscript out here."

And turning, she went from him to the sanctuary of the little south room. When she returned she carried a handful of closely typewritten pages. They drew up one of the pine benches, spread out the manuscript between the catchup bottles and sat down together.

Instantly with the touch of the shifting sheets in her fingers Miss Ordway seemed to drift away from the personal. She became detached, absorbed, swallowed up in the thrill of work and Sandry had a feeling of what such a work must mean to one.

"Now see," she said, half excitedly, "here is the point about which I am a trifle in doubt. But I will have to sketch the situation for you so you can get a grip on it."

She turned toward him, spreading out flat on the paper one exquisite hand. Among her other hidden vanities, Poppy Ordway cherished an inordinate pride in these hands of hers—and she knew their value and their potency to the last atom.

With an unconscious appreciation Sandry now looked down at it where it spread across the page. Unconsciously, too, his mind caught a shadowy comparison—the memory of the olive-colored, slim hands of the girl Silets. But she was speaking and he looked again.

"Now suppose my hero is confronted with a man—his friend, it happens—who, in the plausible and unimpeachable methods of modern business, has calmly become possessed of my hero's wealth. There is no possible way of touching the swindler, for it has been done in a manner that gives it the seeming of legality. Yet the victim knows in his heart that the other is a thief. Now here is my point—"

Miss Ordway was talking slowly as if thinking carefully and no one listening would have suspected that the words she uttered were purely mechanical, having been written out and memorized that afternoon, and that

"Wilton," she gurgled, "I am yours!" And he clasped her in his arms and they were married. And it was all as he had promised, for she spent her honeymoon with Darnum and Nalley's circus, where he had a steady job keeping mice away from the elephants.

MADE HIS PROMISES GOOD

Ardent Wooer Gave Bride at Least a Glimpse of the Splendors She Longed For. She managed to withstand his wooing (though, what with his red hair and sparkling teeth and impetuous manner, and all, he was "some" wooer) until he described the honeymoon that he would provide for her. Ever had it been her ambition to travel.

"The world will lay its treasures at your feet!" he cried. "The silks and chapestics of China, and the perfumes and lovely horses of Arabia, the mysticism of India, and the coveting Cosacks of Russia!" "Oh, Wilton!" she whispered, enraptured. "You went on glowingly: 'You will ride on the camels of the desert and see, side by side, the obstreperous wild beasts of the jungle. The splendors of the East and West, the glories of the North and South—all shall be at your service! The Orient, the Occident, the Accident!'"

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WOMAN LIKES TO BE LOOKED AT

A man likes to be noticed, but a woman wants to be looked at. Put him in something that no one else is wearing, that makes people turn round and gape, and street horses shy, and he is of all men the most miserable. Put a woman in something similar with like results, and she is filled with a peace and joy that nothing on earth can give. Ask any ordinary man, if you like, and he will tell you, if he is truthful, that if a girl's face is the first thing he looks at, her feet are the next. Put the prettiest girl in the world in thick cotton stockings and shapeless boots and the masculine susceptibilities will receive a jar from which recovery is well nigh impossible.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Excusable Ignorance.

"But money talks, you know," remarked the man with the quotation habit. "As a matter of fact, I don't know anything of the kind," answered the man with the fringe on the bottom of his trousers. "I never was able to get within speaking distance of it."

There are times when the corkscrew is mightier than the typewriter.

Jump from Bed in Morning and Drink Hot Water

Tells why everyone should drink hot water each morning before breakfast.

Why is man and woman, half the time, feeling nervous, despondent, worried; some days headachy, dull and unstrung; some days really incapacitated by illness. If we all would practice inside-bathing, what a gratifying change would take place. Instead of thousands of half-sick, anaemic-looking souls with pasty, muddy complexion; we should see crowds of happy, healthy, rosy-cheeked people everywhere. The reason is that the human system does not rid itself each day of all the waste which it accumulates under our present mode of living. For every ounce of food and drink taken into the system nearly an ounce of waste material must be carried out, else it ferments and forms ptomaine-like poisons which are absorbed into the blood.

Just as necessary as it is to clean the ashes from the furnace each day, before the fire will burn bright and hot, so we must each morning clear the inside organs of the previous day's accumulation of indigestible waste and body toxins. Men and women, whether sick or well, are advised to drink each morning, before breakfast, a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of Limestone phosphate in it, as a harmless means of washing out of the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the indigestible material, waste, sour bile and toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

Millions of people who had their turn at constipation, bilious attacks, acid stomach, nervous days and sleepless nights have become real cranks about the morning inside-bath. A quarter pound of limestone phosphate will not cost much from your druggist or at the store, but is sufficient to demonstrate to anyone, its cleansing, sweetening and freshening effect upon the system.—Adv.

High C is best attained by treading on a cat's tail. To keep clean and healthy take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach.—Adv.

About the only difference between repartee and impudence is in the size of the man who says it. Throw Off Colds and Prevent Grip. Who says colds are catching? TAKE LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. It removes cause of colds, grip, influenza, etc. BROMO QUININE. It's a sign of a cold on box 25c.

His Status. "What a funny sort of fellow that young surgeon is!" "Yes; he's a regular little cut-up."

BILIOUS, HEADACHY, SICK "CASCARETS" Gently cleanse your liver and sluggish bowels while you sleep. Get a 10-cent box. Sick headache, biliousness, dizziness, coated tongue, foul taste and foul breath—always trace them to torpid liver; delayed fermenting food in the bowels or sour, gassy stomach. Poisonous matter clogged in the intestines, instead of being cast out of the system is re-absorbed into the blood. When this poison reaches the delicate brain tissue it causes congestion and that dull, throbbing, sickening headache. Cascarets immediately cleanse the stomach, remove the sour, undigested food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels. A Cascaret to-night will surely straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep—a 10-cent box from your druggist means your head clear, stomach sweet and your liver and bowels regular for months. Adv.

Most of the crazy people we know have managed to sidetrack the asylum so far. CLAIMS THAT SWAMP-ROOT SAVED HER LIFE About nine years ago I had Rheumatism so bad that I was in bed for six weeks. I was not able to raise my head to take a drink of water. I was unable to move my hands or feet, and my back would hurt me so that words could not tell what I suffered. I saw Dr. Kilmer & Company's advertisement of Swamp-Root and I decided to try it. My back would hurt me so that words could not tell what I suffered. I saw Dr. Kilmer & Company's advertisement of Swamp-Root and I decided to try it. My back would hurt me so that words could not tell what I suffered. I saw Dr. Kilmer & Company's advertisement of Swamp-Root and I decided to try it.

Very truly yours, MRS. EMMA A. BOGGS, 1800 N. 3rd St., Independence, Kansas, County of Montgomery, Mo. Before me, C. L. Jukes, a Notary Public in and for said County of State, personally appeared Emma A. Boggs, to me known to be the identical person who executed the within and foregoing instrument of writing, and acknowledged to me that she executed the same as her free and voluntary act and deed for the uses and purposes therein set forth. In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Notarial Seal the day and year above mentioned. C. L. JUKES, Notary Public.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

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